

WHAT ARE THE FUNDAMENTALS OF SOCIALISM?

FRESH ELECT PRESIDENT TODAY

Rivalry Runs High Between the Adherents of Contending Principals

At last Freshman presidential election enthusiasm seems to be displaced by other University interests, as the open campaigning of last week has not been featured. Though bulletin boards are not filled with candidates' posters and pictures, a considerable current of friendly political rivalry has been maintained by supporters of each of the men.

While the candidates for the other offices are congratulating themselves on being elected, or are despondent because they were not sufficiently supported, the Frosh class chief—whoever he may be—has been wondering how and why it all happened; almost like a movie serial: To be continued next week. The decision of the Students' Union Executive makes it impossible that the chosen man will be made to live in doubt for another seven days.

Nearly two hundred and seventy students supported the candidates on Friday, Nov. 9th, and it is hoped that nearly three hundred and seventy will be at the polls today. Those that didn't vote last week and those that voted will be anxious to support their choice in the by-election. The weather, the interest maintained and the spirit of rivalry are indications that the attendance at the booth will record a new total of votes at Frosh elections.

Today's election marks the ending of the class as an unorganized body, and it is hoped that with the election of officers to all class positions, the enthusiasm that the individual members have developed to date, will grow to the point where the class will be as active as each Freshman has been.

ELECTRICALS HEAR ABOUT GRID GLOW TUBES

"Grid Glow Tubes and Their Applications" formed the topic of an interesting talk given by J. E. Beach at the Electrical Club on Wednesday, Nov. 14th. Their importance as controls in almost every industry was pointed out, and the various devices used were shown. This paper kept up the high standard set by R. T. Allen with his paper, "Modern Vacuum Tubes and Their Applications," and Norman Weston's series of ingenious demonstrations on "Decorative Lighting."

WEEKLY COMPETITION

The Limerick competition brought in over a score of entries whose mastery (and otherwise) of rhythm would have astonished the Department of English. Everything was represented, from Excelsior through In Memoriam down to the Ode on an Expiring Frog. But not even In Memoriam can expect to win the dollar for the best Limerick. Some competitors burst (yes, burst) into song, with tra-la-las and tra-las. Some wrote odes, etc. And the rhymes, ah, the rhymes!

Gateway, X-ray, Gateway, eighty; alarm, spiritual balm; musty, dusty, nutsy. This last applied to the competition editor, who may be nutsy, but is not buggy enough to let this get away with the dollar.

Prize goes to Harry L. for the following:
The Gateway redounds to the credit
Of the students who write, and who edit;

Although the Journal may flout it,
And clergymen doubt it,
Don't mind them! I, HARRY, HAVE SAID IT!

Can this be . . . ? Winner apply to The Gateway.

Commended is Appell's entry:
The Gateway, my worthy young friends,
For our thoughts its fair columns extends.

But if we let Taurus
And Collins think for us,
Do you think it is gaining its ends?
We don't. Hence these competitions.

WEEKLY COMPETITION No. 3

Prize for next week will be awarded for the most ingenious completion of the following sentence-opening: "The reason, Dad, why I have to ask for an extra tent-spot this month is"
And as one of this week's entries says:

I trust this will warrant
That others will start using
their bean.

Entries must be in by Friday, Nov. 23rd.

RECEPTION TICKETS ALMOST SOLD OUT

Second Year Formal Scheduled For Saturday Night to Be One of Best of the Year

The scene is one of color, swirling figures, lights, gaiety; and the air is filled with music, the romantic strains of an orchestra, laughter; it is the Sophomore Reception to Freshmen. Over the gleaming, perfectly waxed floor move feet, clad in gleaming black pumps and smaller ones in dainty fluttering slippers. The daring gowns of the young ladies are pressed close to the stiff shirt-fronts of their partners as they sway to and fro, in and out to the exotic lilt of a dreamy waltz, while above all, dance gaily colored balloons that tug and strain at their cords as though they, too, are eager to keep time to the music.

The Ambassadors are delighting the sense of all present with their music, soft soothing waltzes, light snappy fox trots, together with a Tango Special and a Rhumba.

This is the prospect in view for those who are attending the Sophomore Reception to Freshmen on Saturday, commencing at 8:00 o'clock sharp. While the majority of those planning to attend have already purchased their tickets, these may be obtained as late as Saturday morning, in the basement of the Arts Building. The Sophomore Executive is working hard to make this the outstanding formal of the year, as indeed it may be. The orchestra will play as never before, enticing the couples out onto the floor with their sweeping rhythms, so this will be an affair you cannot afford to miss. Turn out in your hundreds, you Freshmen, as you never did to a pep rally and help the Sophomores make this Reception go over with a BANG!

PHARMACY STUDENTS ACCEPT INVITATION OVERTOWN DRUGGISTS

The Edmonton Retail Druggists have extended to the students of Pharmacy an invitation to be present at their monthly dinners in the Rose Room of the King Edward Hotel. Many Pharmacy students took advantage of this on Tuesday evening and attended for the first time.

Dr. Gillespie and Dr. Armstrong were outstanding guests of the evening. Their presence was unique in so far that this was the first meeting of the Edmonton druggists attended by members of the medical profession.

Mr. Christie, of the Alberta National Drug, read an interesting circular letter on the sale of Codeine. Following this Dr. Gillespie, in an able manner, briefly referred to State Medicine, pointing out the necessity of immediate preparation by both the medical men and pharmacists. Mr. Warner expressed his appreciation of the interest taken in this meeting by both the medical men and the students of Pharmacy.

Mr. A. W. Matthews, Professor of Pharmacy, thanked the druggists of Edmonton for the invitation that they extended to students. He stated, also, that the evening was a partial fulfillment of his objective in so far as medical men, retail druggists and Pharmacy students have begun to realize the importance of a spirit of co-operation which should exist amongst them.

The Pharmacy Club Executive is taking this opportunity of urging all club members to attend these meetings. Those who were present on Tuesday certainly spent a profitable as well as an enjoyable evening.

MATH. CLUB

The 119th meeting of the Mathematics Club was held in Room 236 Arts on Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 a.m. Dr. A. J. Cook presented a very interesting paper on "The Philosophy of Poincaré."

The speaker first reviewed the life of Poincaré, contrasting it with the lives of the men who so often constitute the subject of popular biography. He then summarized Poincaré's personal philosophy and his scientific outlook. He pointed out the necessity of the philosophy of nature as depicted by Poincaré, but its inadequacy, quoting Whitehead, to the effect that the doctrine of the autonomy of physical science is false.

A short discussion followed.

SPANISH CLUB MEETING

The regular meeting of the Spanish Club will be held next Tuesday evening, Nov. 20th, at 8:00 p.m., at the home of Miss K. Norris, 11137 85th Avenue.

The program will consist of musical numbers and a short play in Spanish. All members and those interested in becoming members are requested to be present.

The Hart House Quartet

On Friday, November the twenty-third, the Hart House String Quartet will present a concert in Convocation Hall, under the auspices of the University Musical Club. The presentation of this internationally famous quartet will be by long odds the most notable event in entertainment at the University during the forthcoming term, and well deserves the patronage of students.

The Hart House Quartet appeared last fall before an enthusiastic University audience, and it is hoped that a similar reception will be accorded the distinguished group this year. Many students, who had not before believed that they would enjoy this class of music, and more especially "chamber music," came away from the concert with a new appreciation and a new interest.

The purpose of the University Musical Club, since its inception, has been to stimulate such an interest in good music (it was to supply a very great need that the organization was founded four years ago), and with this object in view arrangements were made to bring the Hart House Quartet to the University.

The club is able to present this Canadian quartet, which has received international acclaim, at unusually low admission charges for a number of reasons. In the first place, the object of the concert is not financial, but cultural. Again, as the Hart House Quartet is an endowed body, it is able to give concerts at a much more reasonable rate than other similar organizations. Because of this, it can appear in smaller centres, which in ordinary circumstances would be impossible from a financial point of view. Its aim is cultural, purely.

The Musical Club, in sponsoring such a quartet, performs a definite service to the community, and the success of a concert in Edmonton enables smaller centres to enjoy a similar privilege. It is hoped by the Musical Club that the students and staff of the University will give this presentation their support; for it need not be repeated that it will be the finest evening's entertainment of the year. On one of its recent appearances in Paris, the Hart House Quartet was described by "Le Monde Musical" as "one of the finest quartets in the world."

Works of Prominent Artists Exhibited at Museum of Arts

Also Fine Collection of Etchings on Show in Arts Building

Mr. George Brown, whose collection of etchings in the Arts Building has attracted many overtown people as well as students, is a citizen of Edmonton, and has had a very interesting career. One of the soldiers of the 149th Battalion, his sojourn in Europe gave him his beginning in art. His profession in Commercial Art, his experience as a photographer and engraver, have all furnished him with an accurate way of dealing with the technique of etching. He is, in Edmonton, alone in his field. To produce etchings it is necessary to have at one's disposal a printing press. He has invented a printing press of his own and keeps its construction and operation secret.

In the art of etching there are two methods used, called Raised Printing and the other Sunk Printing. The process of etching is as follows: A plate, either of copper or of zinc, or of iron, or even of glass, is taken and covered with blackened wax. With a needle or some other sharp instrument, the etcher draws on the wax, taking away enough of the wax to form lines on the plate. Acid is then poured over the plate. The wax prevents the acid biting the plate except where the lines are shown on the plate. Where the lines are, the acid bites little grooves right into the plate. The density of the line is where the acid bites deepest, and the deeper a line is wanted there the acid is allowed to remain for a longer period of time. The wax is then removed and the plate is ready to be used for printing. Printer's ink is spread over the plate and allowed to fill the little grooves. All of the surface ink may then be removed; if, however, shading is desired, the ink is allowed to remain on the paper in the places where the shade is desired to be shown. Printing paper is then placed on the plate and the plate put through the printing press, which gives the impression from the grooves on to the paper. This is known as the etching. The etcher's practice is to print a number of impressions and then to destroy the plate.

In the early days of etching only a few impressions were made — never more than twenty. With the modern demand for prints, the etcher of today may make as many as 100.

The process of etching as an art is as old as Rembrandt, who was a master in this line. Today his etchings, so few in number, are very valuable; one of his, a portrait of Jan Six, is worth \$12,000.

George Brown is one of the first to use glass as a plate upon which to etch. Some of the modern processes include dry-paint, soft-ground etching and aqua-tint etching. A "faked" proof is one where some ink has been left on the plate and treated with a cloth to produce shading of light and dark. This leaves a very smudgy effect.

"Mount Burgess" is the reproduction of a mountain done with exactness and delicacy of touch that renders it a charming study. It is soft, and yet the

lines are true. A very effective print is "A Patriarch," rendered very effectively by the clever use of white. There is exquisite lining in the face, and the background of crossed lines is very neat. The view showing the Parliament Buildings is excellent. A simple little picture is "A Safe Landing," showing how soft, fluffy and airy an etching may be. A picture alive with imagination and poetic feeling is "Sunset."

The same scene may be treated in different ways. Instead of black ink on white paper, brown ink or brown paper give a pleasing variety to an otherwise rather uninteresting method of treatment.

Edmonton Museum of Arts has lately displayed a commendable miscellaneous collection of pictures, some of which are contributions by city artists.

New Lane, Topham, possesses characteristics suggestive of its name. Gyrth Russell chose delicate clear colors to symbolize the element of newness and spring.

Autumn, by Mary Dignam, attracts the onlooker with its vividness of leaves and brilliant blue of sky and water.

Two Girls, by Lillias Torrance Newton, is a life-like portrayal of hardy maids typical of their surroundings.

In Summer Clouds, the parched fields and trees seem to be anticipating the thunderstorm looming in the sky. F. H. Bridgen has expressed surliness by dull color.

Robert Gallon's Welsh Hills is a beautiful detailed scene containing the very essence of simple life.

A. Y. Jackson has attempted a difficult expression successfully in Ile Aux Couerres, that of a heavy storm just started over a river. Lake Superior is rather startling for a small view. The severity is relieved by bright blues that Lauren Harris employed.

Qu'Appelle Valley, by James Henderson, is a gorgeous winter scene, without that aspect of utter bleakness that winter is usually thought to have. Patches of sunlight, and a red sleigh drawn down the road, lend to it warmth and cheerfulness.

Early Autumn has a superlative beauty. The once-vivid leaves fallen on the quiet water, in whose depth mingles despair and consolation, indicates peace after summer's riot. Yeend King is the artist.

Among those rendered by Edmonton artists are The Gate and Mill Creek, two lovely autumn scenes by A. Card. Ella M. Walker's Driftwood, Colin Range from Lake Annette, Jasper, and Domestica, are also noteworthy. Bow River and Mount Rundle by E. Morrier are two excellent mountain scenes.

Others deserving attention are The Silver Lands of Savory, by H. V. Foster, E. M. Cruickshank's Fawn Lake Trail, and View near Kapasiwin by D. G. Willis.

A group of oil sketches mounted on cloth by Emily M. Carr are startling. Any irritation felt at close range is re-

Political Science Club To Hold First Meeting

Mr. Fred Henderson, British Socialist, to Address Club

The Political Science Club is fortunate in obtaining as its first speaker of the season Mr. Fred Henderson, who will speak on, "The Fundamentals of Socialism." The meeting will be held on November 19th, at 4:30 p.m., in Med 142, and is open to all students and members of the faculty.

Mr. Henderson is an outstanding British Socialist writer and lecturer. He is commonly referred to by Americans as "The English Stuart Chase." Among the principal books he has written are: "The Economic Consequences of Power Production," "Money, Power and Human Life," and "The Case for Socialism." The latter is possibly the widest read and has been adopted as the official text of the British Labor Party. The first listed preceded by about a year the pronouncement of the Technocrats.

Last year Mr. Henderson made a lecture tour through the United States. The lectures were so popular that he has been invited to continue them again this season in the United States and Canada. During his visit to Edmonton he will deliver a public address on Nov. 19th, when the subject will be, "Money Power and Human Life."

The Political Science Club is open to all students and members of the faculty of the University. Its object is to present various political viewpoints and to stimulate an interest in political and economic affairs. Outstanding speakers are obtained in order that the subjects discussed will be interesting, instructive and official pronouncements of the parties represented.

We cordially invite you to take an active interest in the club.

MEMORIAL RECITAL HELD IN CON. HALL

Commemorating the sixteenth anniversary of the signing of the armistice ending the world war, a very solemn and impressive commemoration recital was held by Mr. L. H. Nichols in Convocation Hall on Sunday, Nov. 11, at 10:35.

Very touching and eloquent music was rendered by the organist, Mr. Nichols, until 11 o'clock, when the audience stood in two minutes' silence for those glorious war dead who dedicated themselves for the cause of peace in the world war.

A cadence was sounded by the organ at the end of two minutes, and the choral music continued, rendering beautiful remembrance anthems until 11:30, when the service was brought to an end with the national anthem.

And so once more homage has been paid to those glorious war heroes, who sacrificed their lives that we might enjoy ours. They are dead, yet ever living in our thoughts, and always we shall keep faith with those who lie in Flanders' Fields.

DR. WALLACE WILL ADDRESS MINING AND GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A regular meeting of the Mining and Geological Society will be held to-night (Friday), Nov. 16, in Arts 342. The society has been very fortunate in securing as speaker, Dr. R. C. Wallace, who will speak on "Mining Developments." Dr. Wallace is an authority on all geological matters, so this meeting should prove of unusual interest.

As a result of the keen interest shown in these meetings, it will be necessary to be there in plenty of time, as the accommodation is limited. Prior to the meeting tea will be served in Arts 339. A cordial invitation is extended to everyone interested.

PHARMACY NOTICE

The regular meeting of the Pharmacy Club for November 19 will take the form of a dinner and sing-song. Mr. F. Heath will be a guest speaker, choosing State Medicine as his topic. All Pharmacy students should be present. You will be welcomed at St. Joseph's Auditorium at 6:30 Monday evening. There will be no charge.

placed by amazement and incredulity as the observer moves to a suitable distance from them.

In the Museum of Arts, Civic Block, there is being given every Tuesday evening a series of illustrated lectures on art, if a suitable number turns out. University students interested in art would find these lectures beneficial.

—B. R.

TO SPEAK TO STUDENTS



MR. F. HENDERSON

MUSICAL CLUB TO PRESENT PROGRAM

Stravinsky to Form Subject of Lecture and Program

The University Musical Club will hold its regular meeting in the Lounge in Athabasca Hall on Sunday, Nov. 18, at 3:30 p.m.

Mr. Fraser Macdonald, a student member of the club, will give a paper on the life and compositions of Stravinsky, and the following program will be presented:

1. The Fire Bird (1910), "Danse Infernale of King Kashchei."
2. Petrouchka (1911); Scene II: "In Petrouchka's Room."
3. Le Sacre du Printemps (The Rite of Spring) (1913); Part II: The Sacrifice.
 - (a) Introduction (The Pagan Night).
 - (b) The Mysterious Circles of the Adolescents.
 - (c) Glorification of the Chosen Virgin.
 - (d) Evocation of the Ancestors.
 - (e) Ritual Dance of the Ancestors.
 - (f) Sacrificial Dance of the Chosen Virgin.
4. Apollo Musagetes (Apollo, Leader of the Muses), (1927).

Some other compositions by Stravinsky to be mentioned in the lecture: Rossignol (The Nightingale), Opera (1914); Les Noces (Russian Wedding), Ballet with chorus (1917-23); The Story of a Soldier, Chamber opera-pantomime (1918); Pulcinella, Ballet with singing (1920); Octour, for wind instruments (1923); Concerto, for piano and an orchestra of wind and brass (1923-4); Capriccio, for piano and orchestra (1929); Concerto in D, for violin and orchestra (1931).

Students and members of the faculty are cordially invited to attend this meeting, and will be given an opportunity to become members of the club at the close of the Sunday's program:

I SAW THIS WEEK

Bill Stark and Geo. Manning embarrassed at the first tee on Saturday night.

Bill Scott lighting a cigar and burning his chin.

Jock Cameron being carried off the rugby field crying, "Just a damned sissy."

Ken Madsen and Fred Glover wondering why they hadn't voted for themselves in the Fresh election.

Bill Wheatley being greeted right heartily by Miss Dodd at the Saturday night dance.

Jack Ford and Gwen Nixon promising "to love, honor and no baby."

WHAT HO! HARRY L. WINS LIMERICK COMPETITION



THE GATEWAY

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"LUNCH WILL BE SERVED"

Since the Wauneita the co-eds of the University have worn a curiously pleased look. They seem to have an inward feeling of great satisfaction, of work well done. Could it be they feel they have made all returns, by inviting the men to their dances and paying for the tickets no less? Or was it they fed the men as their posters blazed forth in promise, that has given them their air of contentment.

We don't contend that women should pay and pay and pay and all the men should be gigolos. But we do feel it our bounden duty to point out to the ladies that they are a trifle slow. Perhaps there isn't any reason why they should give the men a dance, but they have decided otherwise, and after many years they concluded not only to give the dance, but to feed the beasts. Well and nobly done. Another five years of progress and they will even call for the men in taxis. But wait, this is not all. Our sons will in all likelihood smoke cigarettes bought by the fair sex, and our grandsons may even be taken to the Shasta after the dance. Born fifty years too soon.

YOUTH AND WAR

General Smuts asserts there is no probability of war in the near future. Military men all over the world press for military preparedness of their countries. Prime Minister Macdonald and other leading English statesmen oppose a peace ballot in England and the Air Ministry demands a strengthening of the Royal Air Force. Japan wants 5:5:5. Frenchmen riot on Armistice day and cast anxious eyes towards the Saar. Hitler is as bellicose as ever. The Oxford Union decided they wouldn't fight for King and Country.

In Canada we have our peace leagues and societies for the Suppression of Belligerency. All our public speakers with few exceptions stress the peace-loving quality of the Canadian people and point out the safety of the Canadian position. They indicate the dangers of war to our civilization, to our Empire, to our Youth, but what effect is it having? Citizens are gradually being made conscious of the evils of strife by these countless repetitions, but it is only a passive attitude—they have not adopted a militant attitude to war, and it is only this militant attitude which will be effective. Governments may be more hesitant in plunging their countries into a conflict, but mere passiveness will not always enforce neutrality.

How does Youth look at war and are they developing an active hatred for it? Societies or clubs with peace as their primary aim don't exist among us. We have our Young People's Groups who condemn war, but condemnation is only incidental to their religious purpose. Many are the individual students who assert they are Socialists and Pacifists, and are very wrought up if war is mentioned. Intellectually they are pacifists, and fierce ones, but how long would their pacifism last if war should be declared. All very well to be pugnaciously peaceful when society approves, but when society jails pacifists then ideas change. If a war should come, and it is not so improbable that war will not come in the not too distant future, these temperamental young men with their intellectual hatred of war will find their ranks sadly depleted.

The large majority of young men are not especially concerned with the subject. Either they are neutral in the controversy or just don't care. A minority will be seen at the Armistice balls falling over their fathers' swords and spilling Scotch on their C.O.T.C. uniforms. These constitute the bulk of the post-war generation with their indifference and lack of realization of war. We can't remember the horrors of the World War, but we see much of the picturesqueness of it. The stories of the camaraderie, of the fellowship among the men appeals strongly to us. The "leaves in Paris," the romanticism of the battles in the sky are the things we think of when we imagine war. The mud, fleas and bad food are forgotten, and as far as death is concerned,



Haemoglobinometry

A Drama in three spasms, relating the adventures of two stench friends in the horrid h'Artics where strife with the Maw is seldom riled.

Short title: Rife in the Pink.

Spavin 1. The scene opens with one of our intricate lion-tamers (Boles) attired in shorts, mediums, and longs, as usual followed by his bun-bearer (Gordon, the Ginch-Getter), also attired in short and collar, medium fit, and longs he hasn't borrowed them, on with the play.

Boles—I'll ratio to see whose going to axes guys if they've seen any sines of a line around here. There'll be an awful mass to clean up if he has scratched orbit anyone.

Gordon—You laugh to go yourself. Your leg is all right, but minus hurt and kind of number I'd beat you by divide margin of a block. Besides I've got a rectangle.

(Exit Boles in search of a pub—excuse me—cub.)

Spavin 2. The scene opens with the Ginch-Getter looking about. (We leave it to you to find out if he's looking about as handsome as a man can be, or about an hour.) Buxom Boles enters, softly humming, "May there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to sea." (We haven't yet found out whom he intends to see.) A lion-cub follows him in, playfully chewing Boles' left leg.

Boles—Well, anyway I caught decimal one.

Gordon—How did you do it?

Boles—A cinch. I grabbed her by differentiate out of my hand like a kid.

Gordon—Remind me trite to Washington about that. Say, division of that lion doesn't seem to be so good. Why have you got her blind-folded?

Boles—Oh, that's so secant tell whether her lives numerator nine.

(Exit lion-cub with indigestion.)

Spavin 3. This scene is laid on the front lawn (no one had the decency to pick it up). Our two intrepid navigators are also laid out just proving, as the skunk says, "Atmosphere is everything. If one has an air about one's self, one can go almost any place."

Gordon—Say, what's that animal over there, that's all neck and no tail?

Boles—That's a graph.

Gordon—Why the long neck on it?

Boles—That's so it can eat grass easier.

Gordon—Gee, I figure I better get one to cut my lawn. It's not because I love the grass less, but that I love the lawn-mower.

(Exit Boles and Gordon. The curtain falls over the stage, Boles falls over his feet, and Gordon falls for a blonde in the gallery. Thus proving that ginches in the gallery will still produce bats in the belfry, in spite of all we can do about it.)

Anxiously he knelt before her,
Anxiously he tried to please,
For he knew the task before him
Never has been done with ease.

Just to get in that position
He had worked both hard and long,
Full of hope and joy and spirit,
For he was both big and strong.

Silently she gazed upon him,
And disdained to even smile,
Yet he would not be discouraged,
He would triumph in a while.

Finally his hopes were lessened,
For she glanced towards the door,
Then he said with deepest passion,
"Are you sure you wear size four?"—Ex.

The Telephone—I'm afraid I have the wrong number. Very sorry to have troubled you.

Cuthbert (politely)—Not at all. Thank you for having me.—Ex.

well, that is just the other person.

The present generation has very little to look forward to after their graduation. A war wouldn't be any great disruption in their lives, something preventing their marriage, of keeping them out of good positions and a rapid rise. For many years after graduation there is only dreary prospect of sweat-shop wages and no place to rise to; war might even be a bright spot on the horizon, a thrill, something to give us some excitement.

If war should be declared by the Government of Canada the opposition of the new generation would be practically nil. Although the majority might not welcome it they, like previous generations, would be just as patriotic and equally ready to go.



All letters to the Editor must be signed. They will be published under a pseudonym if writer so requests.

"JOURNALISM" IN EDMONTON

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—The two versions of the same letter printed below, the first version as it appeared in "one of Canada's great newspapers," and the second as it appeared in the Edmonton Bulletin, are highly significant as to the standards of journalistic honesty prevailing in certain quarters. It is legitimate for an editor to blue-pencil for purposes of cutting out surplus material and mere verbiage, but to publish a letter out of which the heart has been cut is utterly indefensible. That is one thing at least which we learn at this "godless University."

Sir: In Monday's Journal editorial columns something of a holy crusade was launched against Sunday political meetings and particularly the one in the large downtown theatre. Why the kick? Nothing these gentlemen said could possibly be of any consequence, and besides it is entertaining.—Yours,

R. W. Devore.

10628 95 ave.

SABBATH OBSERVANCE?

Editor Bulletin: In Monday's Journal editorial columns something of a holy crusade was launched against Sunday political meetings and particularly the one in the large downtown theatre.

Why the kick? Nothing, these gentlemen said could possibly be of any consequence, and besides it is entertaining.

As for Sunday—we seem to remember a few short months ago when the stillness of a Sabbath morning was broken by cries of "Extra! Extra! Journal extra!" Brownlee had resigned or was about to resign. Why could the boys not sell a few Journals at the political meeting? They could make a few cents and everybody would be happy.

R. W. DEVORE.

10628 95 Ave.
(Signed)

VERITAS.



Cornell Men Dig in Times Square

Ithaca, N.Y.—Faculty brain-trusters in Washington are not the only Cornellians who are performing meritorious service for their country. Cornell students are also proving the stern stuff of which they are made. The New York Evening Journal carried the following story, which proves that either the Journal is three years behind the times or Hugh Troy '27 and his ilk are at it again:

"Two young bloods, down from Cornell for a holiday, showed New York just what a couple of Cornell lads can do when the spirit stirs them. They came innocently enough, meaning to do nothing but brag about devilish things they did up in Ithaca. Ran into a couple of local pooh-poohers, though, and in no time at all the thing boiled down to a dare. The dare was that they wouldn't dare to dig a hole in Times Square, like they bragged they did on Ithaca's main street. They journeyed forth, grim-faced, in the evening twilight. Cruised about a while in their automobiles and picked up (pilfered, if you want to call a spade a spade) one of those iron signs with the words: "Men Working." They got into old clothes, got a couple of second-hand pickers and went up to 41st and Broadway. Parked their sign right in the centre of the street, and chopped away. Taxis eddied around them, cops' whistles blew, a dozen people stopped to watch the excavations, and nothing happened. They chopped until they got tired, then left their picks and sign there and strolled off to where they'd parked the automobile. Drove back to the pooh-poohers with the feeling of having done a good job well."

More from the Date Bureau. Who is the six-footer from McCullough Ave., who states as his amusements Cookie pushing and ping-pong, and who specifies dimples on his date's knees? And Why?—McGill Daily.

Men Should Take Care, Women Are Dangerous, Stopping Rates Show (From the Collegian)

That women are more dangerous on the street than men has been proven by a survey under the direction of engineers of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

It takes women about 25 per cent. longer to put on their brakes when they see a traffic light than it takes men.

The first 40 tests showed that the average man applies his brakes 7 of a second after seeing the red "stop" signal of a car ahead. The average woman does not react until .87 of a second has passed.—Manitoba.

There was a young man from Sioux City
Who said I've just found a nioux kity,
With her fur black and white
She's a beautiful sight,
Her aroma, though, isn't tioux prity.
—Varsity.

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"Give and Take," from the college co-ed:
She took my hand in sheltered nooks,
She took my candy and my books,
She took my words of love and care,
She took my flowers, rich and rare,
She took my time for quite a while,
She took my kisses, maid so shy—
She took, I must confess, my eye,
She took whatever I would buy,
And then she took the other guy.
—Manitoba.

Exactly 150 students and three professors at Akron University signed a petition in which they agreed to commit mass suicide by decapitation. The college editors pulled the stunt to see how many would sign a document before reading it.—Manitoba.

In the November "Esquire" Homer Croy, whose hobby is collecting epitaphs, let us peek into his album.
From a stone in Hollis, New Hampshire:

"Our little Jacob
Has been taken from this Earthly Garden to bloom
In a superior Flower-pot above."
From Girard, Pa.
In memory of Ellen Shannon
Aged 26
Fatally burned
1870

By the explosion of a lamp filled with
Danforth's non-explosive fluid."
From Woolwich churchward in England:

"Sacred to the memory of Major Brush
Royal Artillery, who was killed by the
Accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly,
April 14, 1831.
Well done, good and faithful servant."
—The Quill.

Isn't This Nice?

Those students who sleep during lectures retain the greatest amount of information being disseminated, according to Dr. Ralph R. Winn, instructor of philosophy at the City College of New York.—Daily Northwestern.

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BILGE

Notes on Chinese Poetry

There is no Chinese Homer, no Chinese Shakespeare or Goethe; there seems to be no single great Chinese poem. Yet Chinese poetry is not on that account negligible. It is great rather by its cumulative effect, by the spirit that pervades it.

This distinctive atmosphere derives, we think, from the abiding consciousness of human life as a brief sentient interlude in the silence of eternity. Man's activities and emotions, his life and death, are seen in a cosmic setting. There is little room for romanticism here. The attitude to life revealed in Chinese poetry is one of resignation, or better, one of quiet assent. There is an ever-recurring note of sorrow, but no romantic despair; there is a sense of the futility of human desires and activities, but none of the arrogance of pessimism; a pity for the unfortunate, but no passion to reform the world.

A singularly static world, is the world revealed in Chinese poetry, but also in many respects a singularly stable one. Doubtful of the answers to ultimate questions the Chinese poet contents himself with real and attain-

able joys; not so certain about a future life, for example, he is quite positive about wine and friendship in this. This is what Tao Ch'ien says about it (Arthur Waley's translation):

"There is no way to preserve life. Drugs of immortality are instruments of folly. I would gladly wander in Paradise, But it is far away, and there is no road. . . .

You had better go where Fate leads, Drift on the Stream of Infinite Flux, Without joy, without fear: When you must go—then go, And make as little fuss as you can."

Thus a rationalistic attitude precludes a romantic Weltanschauung in Chinese poetry. The Chinaman's idea of love also eliminates a possible source of romantic ardor. We find no cult of woman here. On the contrary,

"How sad it is to be a woman! Nothing on earth is held so cheap."

There is love poetry in Chinese, but it is the expression of the love of husband and wife, or of the longing of a wife for an absent or unfaithful spouse. However, love for the Chinese poet is not the spiritual Platonic thing the Western poet likes to imagine, and it plays a small part in his verse. Wine and friendship and discussion of philosophy are more important things in a world which is indifferent to our small selves and of which we know nothing. Po-Chu-Q (772-846) expresses with gentle satire how naive man reacts to a world fundamentally alien to himself, in his poem "The Dragon of the Black Pool":

"Deep the waters of the Black Pool, coloured like ink; They say a holy dragon lives there, whom men have never seen. Beside the Pool they have built a shrine; the authorities have established a ritual; A dragon by itself remains a dragon, but men can make it a god. Prosperity and disaster, rain and drought, plagues and pestilences— By the village people were all regarded as the Sacred Dragon's doing. They all made offerings of sucking pigs and poured libations of wine . . ."

(which, he says, were greatly appreciated by the mice of the woods and the foxes of the hills, but)

"Why are the foxes so lucky? What have the sucking pigs done, That year by year they should be killed merely to glut the foxes? That the foxes are robbing the Sacred Dragon and eating his sucking pig, Beneath the ninefold depths of His pool, does He know or not?"

The writers of Bilge feel that this is distinctly good for a poor benighted heathen.

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CO-ED COLUMNS

QUIET PLEASE

Words beget words. A cryptic statement and sad to our heart. It seems to sneer at superlatives—to make arguments futile, and for once stays our loquacious pen.

Silence is golden. Another damning platitude—we might contradict it—say that it is often blue, or grey, or full of dangerous sparks. But no—there is something so positive about it. "Silence is golden."

Strong silent men of the West. Words undoubtedly meant as praise by someone who liked them that way. We still use the phrase, but in a polite way, knowing our lads run to brawn and not to brain.

"Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were but little happy if I could say how much." So Shakespeare proves that co-ed editor's life is not a merry one.

We trust that we have convinced you that this should not have been written—if such were necessary. In the happy thought that actions speak louder than words we shall, in a fit of girlish temperament, fling our bottle of ink out the window and retire to bed.

FASHION-CONSCIOUS

"Clothes give us individuality, distinction, social polity." Thus spoke Thomas Carlyle. In that one aphorism he might have won the approbation, not only of the be-bustled, ostrich-plumed maiden of the nineties, of the later adherents of the hobble-skirted mode, of the post-war miss of the skirt abbreviations, but even of the carefully groomed debutante of today. Would that he had had the perspicacity to stop there! But he concluded with cynical finality, "they (clothes) are threatening to make clothes-screens of us."

At first thought, we had considered seriously isolating the offender to the execrable class of misanthropes, or at least to the society of the misogynistic outcasts. However, upon renewed consideration, we repented our hasty decision, and attributed the origin of Carlyle's distasteful thought to the fact that he must have been another of that growing throng of unfortunates "born before their time."

To a man who had fears of the human race degenerating into a host of clothes-screens, the nudist colonies of the twentieth century would have been "a consummation devoutly to be wished." Nudist colonies? Yes, we will admit that we were intrigued by visions of ridding ourselves of our time honoured togas under tropic skies—of minimizing our Rubensian curves to conform with the mode, and cleansing our minds of false modesty. Yes, for a moment we too scrutinized our fellow-men with a sophomore air of superiority—thinking the while, "Yes, they are just a multiplicity of clothes-screens." But just for a moment we were deluded, we did not attain the finality of Carlyle. We were saved by the vision of our favourite courier rising before us: "Young woman, would you willfully cast away your key to distinction, your means of personality manifestation, indeed, your mode of identification one from the other, by disregarding your clothes?" No, our key to individuality must be retained and nurtured at all costs. We must not degenerate to the level of a bevy of birds bereft of their plumage, for although:

"We wouldn't insist for a moment, but we are, we are you admit we are superior."

Our purpose here is not to belittle our inimitable Carlyle—nor are we attempting to cast unfair disparagements upon nudism. We have merely attempted to promulgate our belief that clothes are necessary as an outward medium of expression of our personalities.

Remember, the Sophomore Reception is only a week away, and we simply must be invited! When we greet you with the formal upper class nod, Paris decrees that you shall return our greeting in a dazzle of scintillating colour shining in threads of gold and silver polittes and sequins. Your gowns will have slim, molding lines, or sweep with regal majesty. (Our pre-season hockey training at the grid will help us preserve that trim waistline and svelte curve of the hips.)

Some of you will follow Chanel, who has introduced cellophane to give just a suggestion of brilliance—perhaps to cover a backless model, leaving a gleaming white surface framed in a darker stuff. You will be feminine, perhaps, modelling a daring décolletage, or, if you are particularly fashion-conscious, your stream line model will strike a modern note. Now that you are all ready to revitalize the campus formals, let us consider the tea modes.

Tea veils, with a decorative opening for the mouth, add a note of mystery to the formal tea. Molyneux says, "Starched linen details are braving the first frosts." Made in tiny, fluted

DANCING THE NIGHT AWAY

The dance floor should be the perfect beauty setting. It is the perfect beauty's setting. In the same way it becomes the imperfect beauty's Waterloo. All her weaknesses of posture, motion and gracelessness are pitilessly exposed to a critical audience. Audiences at tables are a hawk-eyed and merciless tongued group. They have to keep up a running fire of conversation, and the dance floor occupants supply the material. It has been observed by those on the sidelines that for one couple gliding without apparent affectation or distortion, there are twenty couples who create anything but a pleasant picture. The latter are stiff, jumpy, giggly, awkward, or doing their steps in so exaggerated a way that they attract attention.

Since much money, time and effort go into the costuming for the dance floor, and since one has an audience, why not work a bit to perfect terpsichorean art?

Any sort of exhibitionism on the floor is not in good taste. This would include exaggerated positions while dancing, as bending a great deal, dipping a great deal; and that collegiate silliness of walking around talking and doing tricky steps to call attention is taboo.

Instead of following around in one direction, dancing all over the place, bumping into people is another offence against taste, to say nothing of feelings.

Dancing on the heels was a vogue for

ruffles, they add unexpected chic to new watered velvet town frocks. In the phantasmagoria of colour, black still is supreme, with a new, dark plum blue next in favor.

Do you feel depressed, morbid, introverted, entirely bereft of school spirit? Oh! that French essay! Yes, of course, but you must pull yourself together! But how? Try a new chapeau. You will be surprised how soon the silver lining brightens your horizon. The geometrical symbol of the chic Paris hat is a cone, disguised, of course, by irregular draperies and a distinct bend of the paint in one direction or another. One metamorphosis of this cone is the Tyrolean broad-brimmed felt with a feather sticking straight up. Trecoines with lacquered plumes occupy a central position on the style-scope. Fur hats are forecast to complement new coats and costumes, which are lavishly trimmed with accents of fur or the silhouette. Glued broad-tail and galyak are the popular furs. They are trimmed with plazed velvet ribbons in gay colours, flowers and feathers. What do you think of hat and gloves made of fur dyed in the same vivid color as accessories for your tailored tweed which you wear to lectures?

If a-sporting you should go, don't forget those white flannel shorts and divided skirts worn with bright twin sweaters on the badminton court. You will be able to smile much more convincingly this season when the score is 0-15 in your opponent's favour, when you glance down at your smart ensemble—and, of course, there is the fact that the fees are reduced to four dollars.

Then there is a Jonathan Swift who professes that vanity is just a shirt and conscience a pair of breeches—let us make our vanity and conscience serve a tripe purpose. Let us have long woollen breeches in some vivid hue, fitting snugly at the ankle and waistline, which will be smart for skating and skiing—and let us have shirt of that striped Hudson's Bay blanket with a shining zipper skimming up to the chin in front—to keep out the wintry blasts and, of course, to waylay the sieges of vanity.

—M.

THE THEATRES

STRAND THEATRE, Sat. Mon. and Tues., Nov. 17, 19, 20—Warren William in "Case of the Howling Dog," filmization of thrilling Liberty Magazine Serial.

EMPRESS THEATRE, Mon., Tues. and Wed., Nov. 19, 20, 21—Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra."

PRINCESS THEATRE, Sat., Mon. and Tues., Nov. 17, 19, 20—Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple in "Now and Forever."

RIALTO THEATRE—For week starting Friday, Nov. 16—Jessie Matthews in "Evergreen."

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—L. W.

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A decided increase in the tempo of Men's Senior basketball has taken place. Two practices a week have been increased to three. One and one-half hour practices have stretched to two hours. The dynamic force causing this 100 per cent. increase in hours of basketball is called "Doug" of the clan McIntyre. There's a reason for it, and here it is. Varsity has always been a slow starter, due to a number of factors, mainly new material. Of last year's regulars, Hal Richard, Claire Malcolm and "Jawn" Shipley are left, and Claire is out till after Xmas with a broken ankle sustained in the last rugby game.

Varsity will again play in the Provincial Senior loop with Raymond, Lethbridge and Calgary. If the team starts with the fight which they showed at the of last term's season another provincial title will come to Alberta.

Intervarsity basketball seems definite with University of British Columbia, and they have a real basketball squad out there—all things being relative. Whether intercollegiate basket-

ball will ever be seen again is doubtful, but with keener feeling for more intercollegiate athletics it is hoped basketball will be called upon to do its bit.

Newer and warmed over members trying out for the squad come mostly from the intermediates and interfac ranks. Freshman material being represented only by Bill Hutton and Hugh MacDonald. Stepping along are Freddy Kiewal, Bernie Killick, Walt Adkins, Gordie Wilson, Buns Imrie, and Ted Graham of last year's intermediates. Fans will remember Jim Cherrington, Vi Woods, Joe Moscovitch and Olie Rostrup for the fight they put up on the Seniors last year, and from interfac come Jack Lees and Johnny Woznow—give them a little time and competition for seasoning and they'll be all right.

All in all, although things seemed gloomy at first, all students are assured that this year's squad will not have to play second fiddle to any team.

YEAR BOOK NOTICE

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AVE ATQUE VALE

By Paul Malone

Ave atque Vale Ev Borgal, Jock Cameron, Ken Creighton, Alex. Denovan, Art Kramer, Bill Hargrave, Len Park, and John Woznow.

You have served your Alma Mater as football players for the last time. Graduation is going to take you from us. We mingle a salute with our farewell.

Ev Borgal—We applaud you for the manner in which you stepped into a vacancy caused by injuries, for the spirit which you brought with you when you joined the team.

Jock Cameron—We honor you for your long years of service at center, for your many splendid performances, for your refusal to permit injuries to keep you out of the game, for the strength you lent successive lines, whether weak or strong.

Ken Creighton—We appreciate the fine manner in which you have for successive years filled your position at middle, the unflinching strength you gave our teams.

Alex. Denovan—We marvel at the brilliancy which has marked your first year of

senior play in a difficult line position, your fine defensive play, your stellar tackling and blocking ability.

Art Kramer—We salute you for the years you have been Alberta's finest wingman, for your flashing speed, for your thrilling tackles.

Bill Hargrave—We respect the service you have rendered our University by your fine playing at middle, the worth of your experience to new men, your steady influence in the choice of plays.

Len Park—We honor you particularly because you are the finest line player this institution has had for years, because of your finished defensive and offensive play. We predict new honors for you.

John Woznow—We esteem your unflinching good sportsmanship, your thrilling speed, your service to Alberta.

Again we salute you as a group because you are provincial champions of 1933-34.

Your coach, your team-mates, your fellow students, join in saying: "Ave Atque Vale."

Senior Hockey Material Shaping up Rapidly

Wilson Will Have About Thirty-five Men All in Good Shape From Which to Choose His Squad

With rugby definitely over for another year, interest is turning towards the winter pastime of hockey. Al Wilson has been putting the boys, some thirty-five odd, through their paces every night down on the grid, whipping them into shape before putting them through workouts on the ice, which must not be very far off.

The coach will have plenty of material from which to choose when the time comes around, and it will keep everyone hustling to make the grade, with so many aspirants for senior hockey.

With Guy Kinnear, J. McConnel, A. Burgess and D. Gibson gone, those places will be hard to fill. However, Al believes he will have the material this year to fill the vacancies quite capably.

There are about seven of last year's squad back, and with the new material Wilson will in all probability be able to put a first-class club on the ice for the hockey fans.

Leading the list will be the invincible Ralph Maybank in goal. His record speaks for itself.

Jack Talbot, a hard hitting defenceman who always gets his man, and who is a dangerous rusher, is out working hard.

Jack Dunlop, who was here several years ago, is back again. He played at La-combe last year, and is another defenceman or winger.

Bob Zender who played with the Junior Rangers last year, will also be around when the ice arrives. He is another one of those hard hitting defence players.

McCallum, Freshman, plays defence or centre, formerly with the 49th Battalion.

Bob Klarrah played interfac last year and is a winger. Wm. Smith, Freshman, is a forward and hails from Westlock. Lorne Burkell, another Freshman, and who is a winger, played with C.C.I. Calgary Club. Jackson, another Freshman, comes from Innisfail, having played with the Junior clubs there. Bill Pride is new here, but has played hockey at Cadomin.

He is a winger. Canty, who has played with the Shaunavan, Sask., Seniors before, has been getting his

training too. He is a track man. Tom Cornett, who has played with Varsity before, is also working hard.

Bill Stark, another Freshman this year, played with the Junior Jimmies of Calgary last year.

Pete Rule, our rugby idol, who is a real player and is dangerous at all times, will also be out to put Varsity on the hockey map. Nick Woyewitka, another left winger, who also played with Varsity last year, will be heard from out there again this year.

John Jamieson, a large fellow, Freshman, who plays defence and hails from Vulcan, has also been getting into shape for the coming season.

James Usher played with Science A in interfac last year.

Bill Scott hasn't been out with the squad yet, but those rugby players are in shape and don't need this excuse. He will be around when the ice comes.

Allan McCullough plays the right wing position and hails from Westlock. This is his Freshman year.

Wallace, McFayden, Oatway, Tomkins and Walker all have had hockey experience, and are defencemen (Fresh). Bill Mitchell is also a defence player, having played formerly with Shaunavan Seniors.

With so many trying for positions on the club, Wilson will have quite a time on his hands, but will be able to put a real team on the ice.

And with the support of the students we may expect great things this coming winter.

SPORTING SLANTS

By Hugh MacDonald

The Boxing and Wrestling meet next Wednesday promises to be interesting. Both clubs have been diligently training since September, and most of the boys are in fine shape. The manly art of self-defence is very popular this year, about thirty turning out for boxing and a dozen or so for wrestling. Some of the material is sturdy stock.

Men's basketball has started the grind. Practices are being held oftener, the count being three times a week. The pace of play is being speeded up, and attention is centred on style of play. If the material has the latent qualities of a good team, Doug McIntyre is going to make certain those qualities are developed. By January the squad chosen should be a formidable aggregation.

No less important are the women hoop artists. They are fast being whipped into condition, and it is reputed that in that respect they have proved ardent pupils in the fundamentals than the men's squad. We are looking forward to their first game.

Ping-pong is the popular after supper sport. We find the lower gym a rendezvous for quite a number; seldom is it that the ping and the pong cannot be heard. Some play for relaxation from study, some to give vent to that extra manly pep; others find it diverting after an hour in the boxing or wrestling classes. We imagine ping-pong would be pleasant after an hour of body slams.

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GREAT INTEREST IN WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Twenty Girls Out Daily For Training On the Grid

Interest in the Women's Hockey Club this year still runs high, and excellent turnouts for training mark the keen enthusiasm of prospective players. Matters concerning women's intermediate and senior leagues of the city are still undecided. We will not know till December 1st which league the overtown teams care to enter, as they are not required to reveal their choice till then. However, providing sufficient competition is offered, Varsity will enter the Intermediate League.

Since ice is not yet available, daily workouts at the grid continue with painful regularity—but the creaking becomes softer and less pronounced hourly. Though our training has not yet reached the strenuous heights of the men's, we do our extra bit each time and patiently await results. If one can judge from the number and type of Freshettes who have been turning out for these practices, Coach Wilson will have excellent material from which to select this season's squad.

Jean Smith, Mary Hewitt and Phyllis Mullin, our steady first forward line, are back and eager to be chasing the puck again, and we still have Norma Christie and Nan Evans, last year's formidable defencemen. Barbara Burns and Bernice Smith have been seen around, and we trust have not forsaken us. We hope for the return this year of that star defence player, Marge Gibson, and also Thelma Barley, who played for us a few years ago.

Among the new girls who have made regular appearances at the grid are: Jane Laidlaw, a promising recruit from Medicine Hat; Lois Boomer, 100 lbs. of vim, vigor and vitality; Ruth Hazlett, Agnes Corbett and Margaret Findlay, alert Edmontonians with previous experience; Alice McDonald, prominent in track and already in excellent trim; Eileen Lannan, a husky Calgarian; Margaret Stone, a tall skater from Prince George; and Jean MacKenzie from Quill Lake, Sask.

Owing to the difficulty of ascertaining which players will remain with us throughout the whole term and to our naturally limited choice, there is for us no set number of registered players. Practices will be under way within two weeks, and we hope to play at least one game before Xmas.

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FIGHTERS READY FOR TOURNAMENT

Interfac Meet in Athabasca Hall

The stage is set for the Interfac Boxing and Wrestling Tournament to be held on Wednesday, Nov. 21st. The boxers have been training faithfully under the able coaching and watchful eye of Wally Beaumont, while the wrestlers, under Wilf McLean, have been tossing each other around in a strenuous effort to put themselves in perfect condition for the coming meet.

To some of the boxers it will be a new experience, to others it will mean another page in their fighting careers; but whichever it is, the boys will do their best, and in each case may the best man win.

The wrestlers have not been chosen, but their names will be announced shortly.

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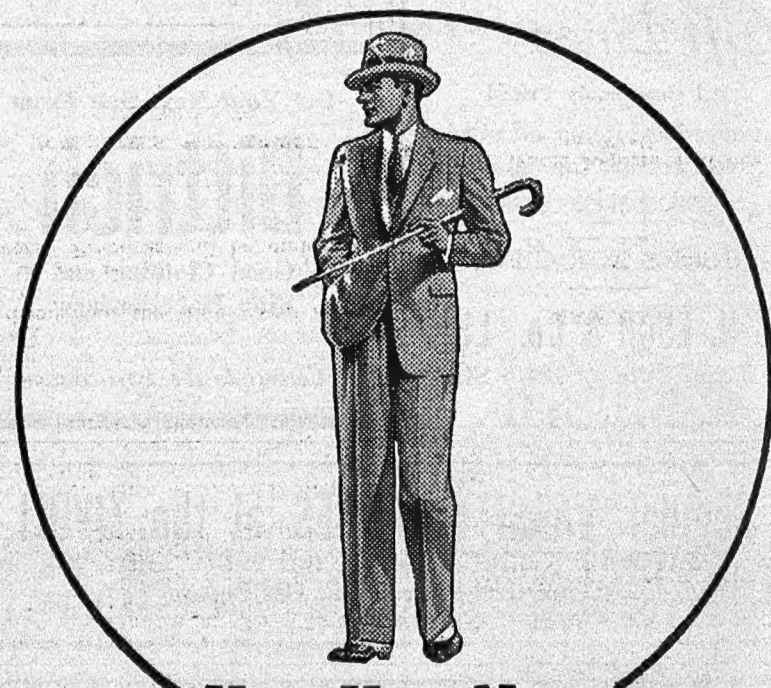
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